The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME III.—NO. XIII.

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JANUARY 8, 1892.

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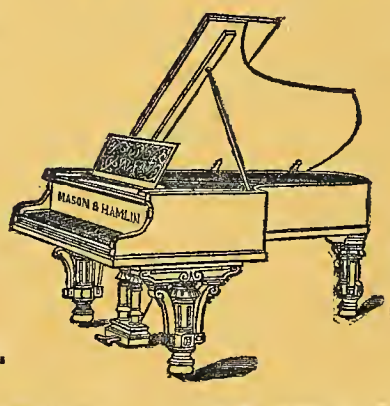

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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HELEN R. STAHR, '94.

ETHEL STANWOOD, '94. ANNIE SYBIL MONTAGUE, '79.

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All literary communications from the students of the college should be sent to the LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Annie Sybil Montague, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

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EDITORIALS.

A little girl once complained bitterly because her good times seemed to be all endings, and the Wellesley student after a vacation can sympathize deeply with this small maiden. Three weeks seem so long when they are all in the future. So many good times can be crowded into them. So much reading can be accomplished. So many days of rest enjoyed. But time flies fast, and before the student has essayed one quarter of the things she planned, she finds herself at the "ending," and the happy three weeks of vacation are but a memory. And yet we are not so loath to return to work again as some of us pretend to be. The vacation has brought us the rest and recreation which we needed, and we can return to our winter's work with fresh strength and energy.

The PRELUDE hopes that all its College friends have had a pleasant vacation and are rested for the work before them, and it extends to all its friends heartfelt wishes for a bright and happy New Year.

It is considered rather old-fashioned now to make resolutions and to talk about turning over a new leaf with the beginning of the new year. Perhaps the world is becoming discouraged over its inability to keep its resolutions unbroken, and its new white leaf spotless, and feels it useless to attempt reform. Still, there is much to be said in favor of the old-fashioned custom of resolutions, for they can be kept unbroken if one has courage and will. It might be well for the Wellesley girls at the beginning of this new year to make a resolution or two, and the PRELUDE can suggest two that seem to be rather necessary. The first one relates to the chapel exercise in the morning. Can we not resolve to be punctual and in our seats at the proper time? Then the usual confusion and delay that precedes the services would be done away with, and after the service we would have a longer time before a nine o'clock recitation. Such a resolution would certainly be of benefit. And again, can we not resolve to remain seated on Sunday morning until the service is over? There seems to be a growing tendency among the students to come into chapel, seat themselves near the door, and go away whenever they feel inclined. Sometimes they considerately remain

until the end of the sermon. Others often find themselves unable to remain as long as that and depart after the first hymn and the prayer. If we are actuated by no higher motives, let us show respect to the day and the place, and resolve to check this tendency.

In the December number of the University of Michigan *Islander*, appeared a long article upon "A Consequence of Co-Education." Mr. Jacobs, the author, endeavors to prove in a rather original manner that there has been a marked falling off in the academical department since the introduction of co-education into the University. In other words, the students are frightened away by their sisters. The article is certainly startling in its statements, but we fail to see how Mr. Jacob arrives at his conclusions. His arguments certainly prove nothing. Their substance is that since women entered the University certain things have happened, therefore the women are to blame. The article bristles with statistics which are the only support of his theory. Mr. Jacobs, while carefully hunting up these numerous statistics, has overlooked several causes which might reasonably be expected to influence the attendance of the University far more than the introduction of co-education. Public sentiment in regard to a classical education has changed within a few years, and the modern tendency is for a more practical or technical training. This may be one cause for the decline in the academical department. Then also with the increase of population has come an increase in the number of colleges in the West, and these without doubt receive many of the students who otherwise would go to the University. It would not be difficult, we think, to bring forward abundant proof of the fact that co-education tends to refine the general body of students, and to raise the standard of scholarship wherever it has been introduced, and the University of Michigan is no exception.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was late in the afternoon of December 1st as Miss Mary Smith sat in her father's big study chair and thought. I might have said, "Twilight was falling as she sat there lost in reverie," but "twilight" and "reverie" suggest such very romantic things, and romance and Miss Mary Smith were wholly and entirely separate. Any one would know that who could have seen her sitting there that December afternoon. Her blue eyes had no yearning look in them after the fashion of romantic maidens' eyes; her dark brown hair did not fall luxuriantly over her shoulders; nor was she reclining in a graceful and artistic attitude. Her eyes were fixed upon the lamp shade in front of her, and expressed absolutely nothing; her hair was frizzed in front and drawn tight back into a bob behind, and she was sitting up straight in just the way she always did. It is the way most people sit in church, or when having their photographs taken. Miss Smith knew no other way.

Patiently and conscientiously had the Rev. and Mrs. John M. Smith endeavored to instill into Miss Mary that grace of movement and ease of manner which befitted the only daughter of the most prominent minister of the town of Woodville, Maine. Patiently and conscientiously had they trotted her around to dinner, to tea, to church fairs, socials, and festivals, to every form of entertainment known in Woodville, in the hope that their shy, stammering daughter might be transformed into a polished young lady of society. After years of practice, however, Mary continued to be on her pins and needles from the time when she took off her best cloak and bonnet and sat down at the hospitable board of her friends, till the time when she resumed her best cloak and bonnet and flew to the safety of home. The Rev. Mr. Smith's pet theory of "social intercourse as a means of cultivation" had

failed, and, at the advanced age of twenty-three, Miss Smith was familiarly known among the wits as "the stick."

Mary Smith had no friend in her town, and it was natural enough that it should be so. As a child she had had the misfortune of being held up as an example to her playmates by their respective mothers, for she was "the minister's child" and never got into scrapes like other children. Human nature decrees that those who are held up as an example to us shall be separated from us, by an insurmountable barrier, and shall be regarded with more respect than love. All agreed that she was such a "good-hearted girl" and were glad the minister had such a faithful daughter; but they did not seek the company of the good-hearted, faithful daughter, and consequently she did not seek theirs.

She did not, however, make herself unhappy over her unpopularity. Her heart was never wrung by the careless disregard of those around her: nor is it my purpose to wring the hearts of my readers by presenting to them a picture of a forlorn maiden weeping in loneliness and neglect. Christmas stories have no excuse for being sad, and this has been labelled "A Christmas Story." Getting used to anything is merely a matter of time, and the bitter dose had been administered to Miss Smith in such tiny drops that it had made no great impression on her. She did not lock herself into her room and burst into torrents of tears because Susan Bartlett had returned her cordial "Good Morning" with a careless little nod, and had forgot to thank her for taking care of a troublesome class of small boys two Sundays in succession. Miss Smith was not given to bursting into tears. She did not even notice that at the church fair—she, the minister's daughter, tended the most uninteresting table of all, and took quite a minor part in the whole proceeding. Nobody else noticed it, either. She and they took it as the natural course of events, as indeed it was.

But, all this time, we have left Miss Smith sitting upright in her father's study chair and thinking—thinking with all her might; and her eyes have not once been taken from that yellow lamp shade on the table. She has been thinking of many things; first of all, of her father. She would often go into his study and sit in his chair when she wanted to think very hard. She imagined that it inspired her to think in his chair, because that was where he thought out his sermons—and her father's sermons, dull, tiresome, prosy to other people, were to her as far above other men's sermons as her father was above other men. She used to read them over and over again out loud, when she was a little bit of a girl, and could not understand a word; and now, when she could understand—I might almost say although she could understand—she still clung to those wonderful specimens of pulpit eloquence. She wondered for the thousandth time, as she sat there that afternoon, how he could ever write such beautiful things. She wondered why she, his daughter, could not write a single beautiful thing. She wondered if she would ever be able to write anything like what he wrote. She wondered if it would be wrong to try. And then she blushed for shame, and turned her thoughts away.

She thought of Christmas which was coming so soon. She resolved to make it a very happy one for them—"them" always meant her father and mother. She wished, she longed to make some return this Christmas, for all they had done for her, for all they had given her. She wished she could give to them something besides fancy pin cushions, and work bags, and balls of string with scissors attached, articles which abound in church fairs and country villages, and beyond which neither Miss Smith's purse nor her skill with the needle

permitted her to go. She wished—ah! how often we all wish it!—she were a millionaire; yes, good pious Mary Smith found herself actually wishing she were a millionaire and then she blushed again. She was always ashamed of her thoughts, poor girl! She was always finding herself out to be a little wickeder than she really was; and the blush for her mercenary motives had not yet faded from her cheeks when a mighty resolution began to take form in her mind. What if she was not literary! What if she could not write like her father! Why should she be content with her work-bags and fancy pin cushions when all the other girls in Woodville gave better things to their fathers and mothers! Other people who were not literary had written things—of course not like his, but had written things. Susan Bartlett had composed a long poem on "Sunrise," and had gotten three dollars for it from the "Woodville Weekly." Miss Smith's expressionless eyes moved quickly from the yellow lamp-shade. She clutched the table-cloth—"I will do it!" she cried, "I will do it!" With trembling hand she took from the table drawer one of the large sheets of paper which her father used for his sermons. She dipped his pen in the ink—and waited.

Oh Muse! if ever iron resolution has forced you to inspire, grant inspiration now. If ever pity has moved your gentle heart let pity move it now, as Miss Mary Smith, with eyes fixed once more upon that lamp-shade, searched in the depths of her soul for a subject. Ten——fifteen——twenty minutes, and then—thanks, gentle muse! She grasps her pen, and, in her stiff angular hand, writes at the top of the expansive sheet, "My Christmas Heroine."

The deed is about to be done. Miss Smith is about to picture her heroine, her ideal. Day by day, hour by hour, has she been building up that ideal, that which she longs to reach with all the longing of which she is capable. It is her Holy of Holies where no one has entered, and she is about to tear the veil from it. Through the medium of the Woodville Weekly she is to give into the hands of the unsympathizing public that which has been her most sacred possession. The deed is about to be done and the doer does not falter. "My "Christmas Heroine"—she will shine out like the Christmas star in all her beauty and her goodness and her grace: she will shed that spirit upon all who read about her; she will bring a happier Christmas to them, and a happier Christmas than ever before into the quiet little home in Woodville. The hand does not tremble now. The expressionless eyes are almost shining with joy. Who shall say this is not inspiration?

* * * * * *

It is late in the afternoon of December 24th, and Miss Mary Smith is sitting in her father's big study chair and thinking. Before her, on the table, lies a bundle of manuscript and a printed slip. "My Christmas Heroine" has been rejected by the editor of the Woodville Weekly. Miss Smith takes up the papers listlessly and stares at the large sheets covered from top to bottom with the stiff, regular handwriting. Her eyes run along the lines mechanically but she does not read what she has written. One word alone, in big letters, dances before her eyes, "Rejected!" She lays the papers on the table again as mechanically, and walks to the window. The bells of Christmas eve are ringing out, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men," but she does not hear them. One word alone is ringing in her ears, "Rejected!" She has torn the veil from her Holy of Holies, and it has been entered and dishonored. She has laid bare the secret depths of her soul, and they have been scorned. The bells of Christmas eve ring merrily on. Miss Smith still stands by the window alone, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, but that one cruel word, "Rejected!"

Suddenly she started, for she heard her father's voice. She looked up and saw him standing at the door. "Mary, what is it?" he said in surprise.

She pointed helplessly to the papers on the table, and the hot tears of shame, which had been kept back so long, forced themselves out at last. Her father took up the sheets and began to read to himself:

"MY CHRISTMAS HEROINE.

There was once a beautiful, beautiful lady, and she was as good as she was beautiful, and she was very graceful, and everybody loved her and followed her around."—Poor Miss Smith! Did she realize that, in describing her ideal, she was describing her exact opposite?—"And wherever this beautiful lady went she was blessed by every one, everywhere, because she was so lovely."

Her father read on. It was all the same from beginning to end, six long pages of adjectives, "beautiful," "lovely," "sweet," "kind," "gracious," "fine," "noble," "perfect." He read how, at Christmas time, this beautiful lady went around to all the houses of all the poor, and carried them sweet lovely Christmas things; and how all the wicked people were immediately made good when they saw her, and "how everything this beautiful lady did was noble and grand."

He had finished, and he understood. He walked over to her as she stood there by the window, and laid his hand gently upon her shoulder. "Mary," he said, "your heroine never failed, and is not the true heroine she who has learned to fail patiently." The bells of Christmas eve rang on, "Peace on earth and good-will toward men," they rang as before, but their message was no longer unheard. Mary listened to their music, and peace and good-will sank deep into her heart. Her father watched her for a moment with a proud smile on his face, "My daughter," he said, "you are my Christmas heroine."

CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92.

IN MEMORIAM.

During the last month of the old year the members of the Class of '90 were called upon to experience a bitter sorrow. On Dec. 4th the infinitely loving Father called unto Himself their beloved president, Angie Lacey Peck. While her classmates and her many friends mourn deeply their loss and grieve that a life of such rich promise should be taken away so early, they rejoice in the influence of her noble and earnest character which will be to them an inspiration toward all that is beautiful and true.

Her many friends have endeavored to express to the family and to the Class of '90 their sincere sympathy and their appreciation of the beauty and strength of her life.

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to take unto Himself our beloved friend, Angie Lacey Peck of the Class of '90, we, in behalf of the Society of Phi Sigma, of which she was an honored member, desire to express our deep sorrow for the loss of one so truly devoted to its welfare and so hopeful at all times in promoting its highest aims.

Therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the sorrowing family and friends, and also to the Class of '90, in the loss of its President.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family and to the corresponding secretary of the Class of '90, and be published in the Prelude.

Whereas, We, the members of the Washington Wellesley Association, have lost by death our friend and fellow-member, Angie Lacey Peck.

Resolved, That we express the sense of the great sorrow that has come to us, the loss which has fallen upon her college and her class.

Resolved, That we extend our sympathy to her bereaved family, feeling that there is comfort for them as well as us, in the assurance of the abiding influence of her rare mind and beautiful character.

Resolved further, That these resolutions be entered in the minutes of the Association, and that copies be sent to her family and to the Wellesley Prelude.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 12, 1891.

COLLEGE NOTES.

Rev. C. W. Holden, New Bedford, Mass., will preach on Sunday, January 17.

Miss Gertrude Smith, formerly of '92, spent Sunday, Dec. 13, with Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, at Stone Hall.

Miss Flora Hall, '91, spent some time at the college just before the term closed.

President Andrews, of Brown University, preached in the chapel on Sunday, December 13. His text is found in Matthew 6 : 28, "Consider the lilies of the field." The theme of the sermon was that nature is an unabridged revelation of God, and that without a study of nature a true idea of the attributes of God cannot be obtained.

Vespers were held at half-past seven on the evening of Sunday, December 13. There was special music in honor of the coming Christmas. Besides the usual prayers, the following music was given : —

Overture in D, Batiste.
Collect. Thou O Master, Smart.
MISS ROGERS.
Prayer in E Flat, Lemaigre.
Feed my Sheep, L. Brackett.
MISS FOSS.
Christmas Pastorale, Merkel.
Pastorale from "Messiah," Handel.
Night of Nights. Beardsley Van de Water.
MISS ROGERS.
Hallelujah Chorus. ("Messiah") Handel.

In the Bird Talk on December 9, we were invited to become acquainted with the comparatively rare birds that may visit us during the winter. These are the golden-winged woodpecker, *alias* "high-hole, *alias* "flicker," the butcher-bird, the winter wren, the red-poll, the snow-buntings, the crossbills and the pine grosbeak. The butcher-bird preys upon small birds, and impales them in stumps and twigs. He is found in solitary trees in open fields. His "local habitations" in our vicinity are in the woods near Music Hall and near "Violet Hill." The red-polls have sparrow-like markings, with a rosy or crimson crown. The male has a rosy flush on his breast and back. The winter-wren, the most absurd of all birds, is found solitary near brush-heaps and low-lying woodland. The snow-buntings are Arctic birds, and come south to winter with us. We find them in large flocks in open, weedy fields. The red and white-winged crossbills are found in the evergreens or conifers. The males of the red crossbills have a uniform brick red body, with brown wings and tail; the female is of a uniform grayish olive. The white-winged has a rose or carmine color, never brick red; the female has a grayish body, thickly covered with dark spots. The red of the pine grosbeak is less prominent than that of the red crossbill; the female is not of so dull a color. They may be found in the pines and evergreens on our grounds.

The Shakespeare society held its December meeting on Saturday evening, December 12. The society heartily welcomed its five new members : — Miss Nancy Fuller, '93; Miss Campbell, special: Miss Levenia Smith, Miss Millicent Pierce and Miss Louise Pope, of '94. The following was the program : —

COMEDY IN SHAKESPEARE.

I. Shakespeare News, Miss Blake
II. "As You Like It" as a type of Comedy, Miss Hardon.
III. Text Study from "As You Like It," Miss Dransfield.
IV. Comparison of Shakespeare and Moliere, Miss Holbrook.
V. Dramatic Representation from Moliere.

"LES PRECIEUSES RIDICULES."

Scenes IX., X., XII., XVI.

La Grange, Miss C. Green.
Du Croisy, Miss Glover.
Magdelin, Miss Crapo.
Cathos, Miss Bartholomew.
Almanzor, Miss Lemer.
Mascarille, Miss Stimson.
Jodilet, Miss E. Green.

VI. Shakespeare's Clowns, Miss Newman.
VII. Debate.
"Genius can find its highest expression in Comedy."
Affirmative, Miss Thorne.
Negative, Miss Tomlinson

Zeta Alpha held its regular program meeting on Saturday evening, December 12. Miss Micks, special, and Miss Alice Kellogg, 94, were initiated into the society.

The art gallery again afforded a pleasant and inspiring place of meeting for the Art society, Saturday evening, December 12. The general topics for the evening were, Art in Baltimore, and a continuation of the series of papers on the greatest arts. Miss Mary Holmes, '92, read a paper on artists connected with Baltimore, several of whom are, doubtless, well known to many. Francis Hopkinson Smith will be recalled as the author as well as illustrator of that charming little book, "A White Umbrella in Mexico." Frederick Jielman is one of the artists who illustrate Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s latest edition of Hawthorne's works, and Arthur Quartley is the artist of the sea-scape near the reception-room door of our college hall, called "The Close of a Stormy Day." Miss Blanche Whitlock read a long and interesting article on "The Private Collections in Baltimore." One is really surprised to find how many treasures are gathered there. The collection of W. T. Walters is considered by many to be the finest private one in America. Those of Messrs. John W. Garrett, Geo. Small, C. Martin, G. B. Coale and John McCoy contain many good examples of modern art. The discussion of "Poetry as an Art" was treated by Miss Josie Emerson, and also by Miss Anna Winegar in a fine paper on "Painter-Poets." The subject of an initiation has been under discussion for some time by the members of the society, with the final decision to have introductory exercises of some sort, in which the new members should take part. The first attempt was met Saturday evening by great applause, and with warm congratulations for the committee who have the matter in charge for the year. Misses Peavey, Irish and Holley were the three who took part, presenting a grateful introduction through the medium of picture representations. The society will resume its work on American Art Collections after the vacation.

A new set of Hawthorne's works has been added to the library, so that the girls can take these out over Sunday. It is purposed to replace all the original collection in this way, so that the students may have the use of them.

The new society which has been christened "The Agora," at the meeting on Saturday evening, December 12, welcomed the following new members: Miss Agnes Howell, '92; Miss Mary Hawley, '92; Miss Agnes Damon, '93; Miss Carrie Mann, '93; Miss Kate Andrews, '93; Miss Anna Peterson, '94; Miss Susie Hawley, '94; and Miss Ruth Hibbard, '94.

On Monday evening, December 14, the Beethoven society gave their first concert of the year. The society has had an unusually short time for their teaching this year, and the fine work which the concert showed is remarkable. The concert is the best that has been given in the first term, and one of the best that has ever been given by the society. The songs were sweet, bright and beautifully rendered. The soloists added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Miss Andrews assisted the society in the concert by two piano solos. Miss Andrews has always been a favorite at Wellesley, and this time her playing was looked forward to with unusually great pleasure by all. Her execution is clear and delicate, her rendering exquisite, and her expression perfect. Many thanks are due Prof. Hill for his untiring energy in training the society, and for his kindness in giving us the enjoyment of so charming a concert. The following is the

PROGRAM.

The Gypsies. R. Schumann.
Solos by Misses Foster, Hough and Grenell.

Eventide, Theo. Marzials.
Piano Solo.
Indienne, Op. 11. No. 4, } Godard.
Saxonne. Op. 110, No. 5, }
Kammeuvi-Ostrow, F sharp maj. Rubinstein.
Witches' Dance, Op. 17, No. 2. MacDowell.
Miss Andrews.
Dandelions, George Philipp.
Ragged Sailors, George Philipp.
The Elves' Duet, Kargl Bendl.
Winter, King Hall.
Early Morning, John Kinross.
The Hunter's Song, John Kinross.
Piano Solo, Chopin.
Andante Speanato and Polonaise, Op. 22.
Miss Andrews.
The Angels of the Bells, M. B. Foster.
Solos by Misses Bartlett, Hough and Grenell.

YALE-HARVARD DEBATE.

Yale and Harvard, not content with contests on the athletic field, are to have one in oratory. A joint debate has been arranged between the two colleges to take place at Cambridge, January 14, and, if this is successful, a second one will be held at New Haven sometime in April. The debaters will be chosen from the Yale Union and the Harvard Debating Club. There will be three speakers on each side, and each is to be allowed twelve minutes. The subject of the first debate will be, "Resolved, That a young man casting his first vote in 1892 should vote the Republican ticket," Harvard to have the affirmative, Yale the negative. No decision will be rendered on the merits of the debate. It is expected that Gov. Russell will preside at the first debate.

Wellesley Graduate (to a member of the class in Cæsar.) I should like, Miss——, to have you translate the possage beginning "Neque clam transire passent."

Miss —— (a believer in luck and phonetics.) "Not a *clam* could cross the river."

EXCHANGES.

Bryn Mawr's first publication, *The Lantern*, furnishes us an account of some of the aims and peculiarities of the college. The prevalence of college unity rather than class feeling is especially characteristic, as the elective system levels all ranks. The graduate department is emphasized, but does not dwarf the undergraduate life, as at Johns Hopkins. The equipment of the college is good, the entertainments and amusements increase each year, while in spite of the engrossing work, and consequent danger of specializing in narrow lines a goodly number of students repudiate the name and character of *digs*, and enjoy college life in all its relations. The gradual approval of the lantern as the college symbol, and the adoption of cap and gown, are the "customs" genuinely endorsed by Bryn Mawr and the students, who are self-governing, are content to make haste slowly in this as in other matters, aiming at the best use of their power. The literary department of *The Lantern* offers several fine articles, of which "In the Palace of the Ice Queen," "The Use of Costume in Fiction," and "An Hour in the Life of Barbesie Louvois," make the most pleasing impression. Sonnets on Burne-Jones' paintings, "Day and Night," are the best of the poetry, and "Mrs. Glendon's Dinner Party" holds up the dramatic end of the Annual with bright dialogue and comic situations.

The Sel. I. *Quill*, of Iowa State University, calls attention to the principle on which students are selected for various offices, and regrets that in some instances fitness for the position is not the only or sufficient requisite, but that membership in certain cliques, organizations, classes or societies, is a consideration. If we agree that the individual is the highest product of civilization, nothing too strong can be said in

condemnation of such slavery to organizations. Membership in influential societies or upper classes may indicate ability or development, but it is safe to say too much attention is given to position, and too little to individual worth, in general.

The psychologically-inclined will be interested in the identity of opinion expressed in the following paragraphs:

If any of us have ever thought it impossible for any one with a mediocre knowledge of French to enjoy French poetry, a collection of *Modern French Lyrics*, edited by B. L. Bowen, professor in Ohio State University, will convince us of our mistake. Although the poems are all of the finest, and represent the most characteristic French verse, the selections are such as to appeal to even the immature student. Victor Hugo and Beranger are the most prominent, Lamartine, Alfred de Musset, Theophile Gautier and others being also well represented, and a number of stirring national and revolutionary songs giving a ring to the collection. No one who wishes to begin the reading of French lyrics can do better than get a copy of Prof. Bowen's selections.—*Wellesley Prelude*, Nov. 21.

Modern French Lyrics. By Prof. B. L. Bowens. D. C. Heath & Co.: Boston. Cloth 65 cts.

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A new daily is established at Brown University, called *The Brown Daily Herald.* The question whether such a publication is needed in a college the size of Brown is discussed in *The Brunonian*, and answered negatively.

Brown has a new gymnasium. The University of Iowa has dedicated "Close Hall," a new Christian Association building. The address by Prof. B. I. Wheeler, of Cornell, on "The Fundamental Idea of the Association movement," is published in the S. M. I *Quill*, and reprinted in the *Cornell Era.*

The foot-ball season is over, and it is time for us to congratulate Yale on winning the championship for the seventh time in fifteen years. A retrospective glance shows us that Princeton won five years, and the three remaining no championship was awarded.

There are one hundred and ninety college papers published in the United States.

The Princeton faculty have decided that no special student will be allowed to play in any university athletic team until he has been in college at least two terms.

An upper class girl paused before the news bulletin the other day and read aloud. "Russell Sage's office blown up by dynamite."

"Don Pedro dead."

She stopped at this point and went through the rest of it under her breath. The remaining lines also told of disaster. When she had finished she looked carefully around, and making sure that no one could see her scrawled beneath the tragic lines an expression of her gratitude for preservation; "*I'm* alive."

Wellesley girl (at the oratorio with admission ticket only). Can you tell me where there is the best place to stand?

Doorkeeper. On the floor.

A CONFESSION FROM ONE OF THE "TEAM."

When first I came to college, as a quiet little youth,
I said I'd always study hard, and *thought* I told the truth;
But now, since they have taught me the pleasure of foot-ball,
I scarcely have a moment to look at books at all.

In the morning and the evening, and all times between, I train,
And the strengthening of my muscles leaves small time to train my brain;
What's the use of digging out of books all sort of useless knowledge
If I uphold in foot-ball games the honor of my college?

But when from college foot-ball into life's foot-ball I go,
Though I'll try to make some touch-downs and always tackle low;
Yet I'll leave my Alma Mater with small *conics* and less Greek,"
For I've elected foot-ball for eighteen hours a week.

—*Swarthmore Phenix.*

Sing a song of corridor
Silent-time, Stone Hall,
Four-and-twenty maidens,
In retirement all.

When the doors are opened
Then there's noise enough!
Isn't that a pretty sight
To set before a Prof?

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

At a meeting held in Louisville, Ky., May 7th, 1891, the Southern Wellesley Association decided to raise seven thousand dollars to establish a permanent scholarship for the benefit of Southern girls. The desire of the committee is to have one hundred members of the Association pledge themselves each to raise twenty-five dollars annually for three years. This sum invested at six per cent. will give the required income.

The money will be placed for investment with one of the trust companies of Louisville, and the income will be devoted to the education of some worthy student at Wellesley College, until a college for women of equal merit to Wellesley be established in the South, when, by vote of the committee in charge, the scholarship may be diverted from the former to the latter. The committee consists of Mrs. Jennie Gillmore Knott, '85, Miss Mary L. Stone, '84-'87. Miss Abbie C. Goodloe, '89, and Miss Clara Look. They have issued a circular appealing for help in their good work.

A meeting was held in Chicago at the home of Miss Gertrude Willcox on Nov. 27th for the purpose of organizing a Chicago Wellesley Club. On account of a severe storm only fourteen Wellesley girls were present. They persevered in their attempt, however, adopted a constitution, which provides for four regular meetings during the year, and elected the following officers: President, Miss Mary Howe, '88; Vice-President, Miss Louise Pearson, '89; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Miss Gertrude Willcox, '88; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Isabel Stone, '89.

MARRIED.

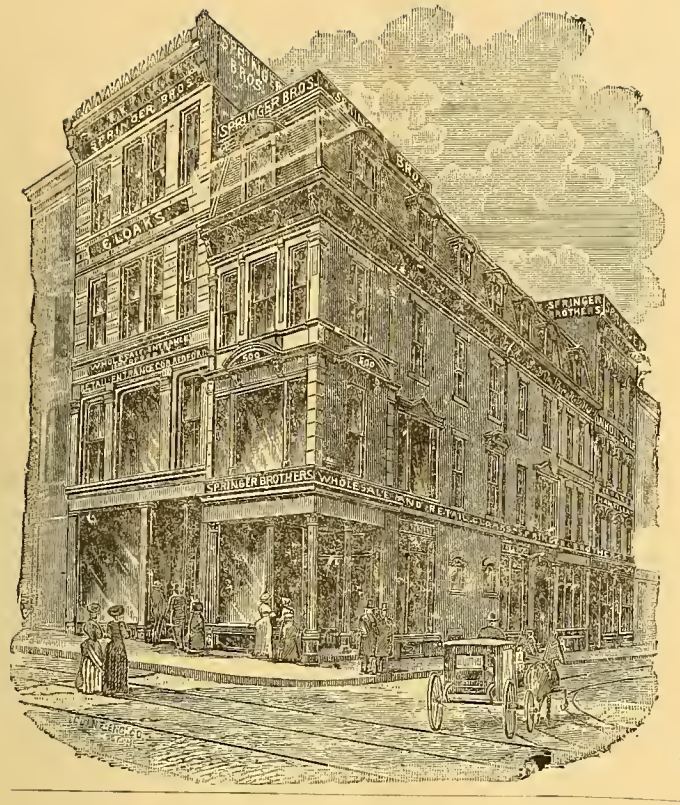
PARKER-PARK.—In Boston, Dec. 23rd, Miss Etta R. Parker, '90, to Dr. Francis E. Park.

DIED.

In New York, Nov. 27th, the infant daughter of Mrs. Sophia Rhea Dullis, student at Wellesley, '84-'85.

In Boston, Dec. 7th, Mrs. L. L. Bartlett, mother of Miss Mary R. Bartlett, '79.

In Warren, Ohio, Dec. 4th, Miss Angie Lacey Peck, '90.



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Stir in gently one-half of the cream dressing and pour the balance over the whole. Garnish the top with sliced hard-boiled eggs and gherkins, and sprigs of fresh parsley.

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